To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a Decree establisht:
Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an errour by the same example,
Will rush into the state, it cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to iudgement: yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Iudge, how I do honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Shy. Heere tis most reuerend Doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, ther's thrice thy money offred thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
Shall I lay periury vpon my soule?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Iew* may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge,
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath bene most sound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deseruing Pillar,
Proceed to iudgement: by my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I stay heere on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
Por. Why then thus it is,
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.
Shy. O noble iudge, O excellent young man.
Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Shy. Tis very true: O wise and vpright iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes.
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.
Shy. I, his breast,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?
Shy. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by some Surgeon *Shylocke* on your charge,
To stop his wounds, least he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expresst, but what of that?
Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.
Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; *I* am arm'd and well prepar'd,
Giue me your hand *Bassanio*, far you well,
Greeue not that *I* am falne to this for you:
For heerein Fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is her custome: it is still her vse
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow,
An age of pouerty: from which lingring pennance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the processe of *Anthonios* ende,
Say how *I* lou'd you, speake me faire in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the *Iew* do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it presently with all my heart.
Bass. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deare to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.31) Octavo